

## Curiosity by Jancys\_Blue\_Bayou

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**Summary:**

She's of a curious mind. Simple as that. She's curious about a lot of stuff. Everything. How the world works. She likes to know, likes to understand. If she doesn't know something she makes sure to find out. Whether it's the answers to all the questions that can come up on the Chemistry test, or gun laws in the State of Indiana, or how to trap an otherworldly being or how to infiltrate a government facility. She's always been studious.

Her favorite object of study is Jonathan Byers. So she knows a lot about Jonathan Byers. She knows what he smells like, sounds like, tastes like. She knows how to make him moan, how to make him almost growl, how to make him cry out her name in a voice that's almost breaking. She knows how he looks like, every last inch of him. She knows that she loves him and that he loves her.

One thing she doesn't know though is what they look like. Together. Intimate. So she's curious.

# Curiosity

## Author's Note:

This grew from an anon prompt on tumblr: "Smutty prompt where Nancy and Jonathan film themselves having sex on Bob's video camera because Nancy "wants to see what they look like" and they end up watching it later and teasing each other about how loud the other gets"

She's of a curious mind. Simple as that. She's curious about a lot of stuff. Everything. How the world works. She likes to know, likes to understand. If she doesn't know something she makes sure to find out. Whether it's the answers to all the questions that can come up on the Chemistry test, or gun laws in the State of Indiana, or how to trap an otherworldly being or how to infiltrate a government facility. She's always been studious.

Her favorite object of study is Jonathan Byers. So she knows a lot about Jonathan Byers. She knows that he is the bravest person she's ever met. She knows he'll do anything in the world for his brother or his mother. She knows that he is kind and caring. She knows that he is funny and sweet. She knows that he's comfortable with who he is and what he likes and won't ever change that to fit in at Hawkins High. She knows that she would never want him to either. She knows that he's a bad shot but a good fighter and an excellent, pragmatic and DIY-minded planner especially when it comes to trapping monsters and setting them on fire. She also knows what he smells like, sounds like, tastes like. She knows how to make him moan, how to make him almost growl, how to make him cry out her name in a voice that's almost breaking. She knows how he looks like, every last inch of him. She knows that she loves him and that he loves her.

One thing she doesn't know though is what *they* look like. Together. Intimate. So she's curious. She voices that curiosity in bed one night. When they've laid cuddling for a long time after.

"I wonder what we look like?" She mumbles against his bare chest which is so comfortable. He chuckles and continues to run his fingers through her hair like he likes to do. Like she likes for him to do.

"You look beautiful."

"Thanks," she smirks. "You too. But I mean like, together, during..."

"Hm," he makes a noise like it's an interesting concept, but he also sounds sleepy. She's sleepy too, really, so she drops it and soon drifts off instead.

One thing she loves about him is that he's just game for anything. Or, anything *she* suggests. When she wanted to kill a monster he was immediately on board. When she wanted to burn a government lab to the ground she knew who she needed for it, and he said yes right away. He's always behind her. Well, when he doesn't place himself in front of her to protect her. In hindsight, though it did just turn out to be Steve and the kids, it was pretty stupid of her to just instinctively march toward the unknown sounds in the woods outside the Lab. Then he had tugged on her arm, told her to wait and placed himself in front of her, calling out for the presence in the woods to make itself known. She thought about that often.

So yeah, he's game for anything. But also shy so she's not surprised at his mixed reaction when she announces her idea the next day.

"I want to film us having sex."

"Okay, I'll get the video ca- wait what?!"

"I want to film us having sex. I'm curious. And I think it'd be hot."

He looks at her for a second. She knows that look too.

"Okay."

Game for anything.

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They wait for a night when they'll have some privacy. Not like they don't sneak around when his mom is home, but then they have to be quiet and it has to be late and dark in his room. For this they need decent lighting. That in itself makes her excited. As far as she's concerned, the times she has the opportunity to ogle a completely naked Jonathan in good lighting is far too few. Then again she wouldn't be satisfied even if she got to see him, all of him, like that every single day.

"You sure about this?" He asks, fiddling with the video camera Bob left.

"Yes," she confirms.

He nods and carefully puts the camera down on his dresser, angling it towards his bed, and turns it on. He steps towards her where she's standing next to the bed and fidgets nervously with his hands. That's when she realizes that he's camera shy. Of course. Always being on the other side of it. It's probably related to his general shyness, one way or another. But she's not here to psychoanalyze Jonathan, she's here to *fuck* him.

She quickly formulates a plan in two steps. Again, she knows Jonathan, so it goes that quick. First she has to make him relax. Then she'll make him forget about the video camera all together.

She starts by kissing him. Kissing him in *that way*. That way that she knows drives him hazy. That way which makes him release a tiny little noise when they break apart for air and he breathes out. That noise makes her smile into it as she kisses him again. She continues to pepper him with kisses while she starts to unbutton his shirt. She

tugs it off him and her eyes and hands go over his naked torso. She's very pleased by the view, but suspects that him being more exposed now may make him think about the camera more. She needs to get him focused on her.

Luckily she came prepared. She does like to plan ahead, after all. She pulls her shirt off and her skirt down to reveal the lingerie she bought last weekend. She's never bought lingerie before, figured she'd try it. She looks at him. His eyes look to be almost popping out of his skull. Distraction maneuver successful, she notes.

Very successful as he now comes forward to her, kissing her eagerly and moving her to his bed. His hands on her hips as he steers her backwards to the bed and gently lays her down. She pulls him down on top of her. She makes quick work of her lacy bra while he continues to kiss her. She unzips his jeans and he helps her tug them down. She shoves her hand inside his boxers and grasps his cock. She loves to feel how he grows when she jerks him. And how he moans against her lips while she does it.

To her disappointment he pulls away before she has the chance to pull his boxers down and free him from them. She pouts and lets out a disappointed noise when he moves away but her frown turns upside down when he starts to move south. He smirks at her before he kisses his way down her belly. She lifts her hips up and he pulls down her panties and tosses them aside.

Another thing she knows about Jonathan: He's the most selfless and generous person she's ever met. Always puts himself and his own needs last. He's a giver. That extends to the bedroom. He was inexperienced, hell they both were, but his enthusiasm more than made up for it in the beginning and now he's at least *really* experienced when it comes to them. In a way it's almost like when they first teamed up to monster hunt. That's when they first discovered they're a good team and that they work well with each other and damnit if that doesn't translate to the bedroom. During that first week together in the fall of '83 she gradually found them to be more and more on the same page, thinking in the same way when dealing with something they didn't know how to deal with. Then it was an interdimensional monster, now it's these strong feelings and urges they share and once again she thinks they're just on the same

page and working well together. It's just so fun to *explore*. After all, he's her favorite object of study. And him with her... just the way he looks at her, not like she's the only girl in the world but like she's *the only thing that exists in the whole universe*. And while they may have sucked at communicating for that year that passed between... incidents, they're actually really good at communicating now. Especially when it comes to this. So through a combination of his intuition, his enthusiasm and him being a really good listener, finely attuned not just to what she says but every little noise she makes – all that put together makes him an *excellent* lover. Okay, again she doesn't have much to compare it to, just the one other guy. But still, she can't imagine ever wanting anyone other than Jonathan. She just wants more of him every day, really.

And one of his fortes then is that he's really really *really* good at eating her out. The first time he went down on her it surprised her. The act itself. Steve never did that. The first few times with Jonathan his hand always traveled down and she hadn't been afraid to show him just how she wanted him to touch her, to get her places. And he was a fast learner. Then one night it escalated and he suddenly started to kiss his way down her body like he did now and his tongue and lips joined his fingers down there. And holy *God* she'll never be over that. His tongue finds all the right places, playing against her lips, against her clit. And the way he uses his lips too, and sometimes a finger as well. That *really* takes her places.

Her fingers runs through his hair and she pushes him closer to her, she wants him close, so close. She loves that she can be totally open with him like this. There's no shame in anything they do. He just looks at her like she's a marvel. She feels herself arching up her back slightly to get even closer him.

"Yes... yes... oh fuck yes..."

That's when she's on her way. When she's there words fail her. With a shudder, or several, she cums. She eventually has to pull him up because he won't stop teasing her with his tongue and it makes her

whole body shake. His face is wet and he's smirking at her in that way which makes her giggle as he comes up to her face again and she eagerly kisses him. She loves that she can taste herself on him, it turns her on even more. But even better is seeing him being rock-hard like he is now, she sees when she now takes the opportunity to pull down his boxers. That he gets that way from making her cum, from seeing her writhe in pleasure. She really loves that. She asked him once, when she felt bad about how he's so giving during the sex, in comparison to her she felt. He just smiled and said she's plenty giving and that he thinks it's amazing to see her. That he gets pleasure from that. "Plus, if you would do the things you do to me even more than you already do I'm not sure I could even survive."

She takes his cock in her hand again and strokes him once, twice, thrice and hears him grunt. Then she steers him inside of her. She's dripping wet of course so he easily slides in. They both let out big moans at the same time, his low in tone, her high but somehow they merge into one.

He starts moving inside of her. She adjusts slightly and wraps her arms around his back, pulling him further down so all of him is pressed up against her. He gives her a big wet kiss. She works with him, with his motions so they find a nice rhythm. She wraps her legs around his lower back to get even closer, to get him in her even deeper.

He speeds up and she may make some noises she's not very proud of but she's also pretty sure she hears him *growl* against her neck before he buries his face there, sucking on that sweet spot just above where her neck meets her collar bone and she'll get a hickey there but that is *fine*. She'll barely even attempt to cover it up, at this point they've both been busted with hickeys way too many times anyway so it's not worth pretending. She nibbles on his ear lobe just a little in turn and is rewarded with a noise she can't even describe. It's not a moan, or a growl, or a whimper but somehow all three at once.

She loves that noise. She loves making him making that noise. She loves being able to get so many reactions out of him. In a way it's an amazing feeling of power. To know that she can do that to him. She can't get enough of him fucking her hard like this, but she also can't get enough of herself being the one in control. So she whispers

hoarsely in his ear.

"Jonatha-" she gets derailed when he hits a particular sweet spot. "Oh fuck... Let's... let's switch... I want to ride you silly," she gets out in a husky voice and bites down a little on his ear lobe.

The look he gives her is everything.

He stills inside of her, slowly pulls out and without releasing each other they roll around in bed. She suddenly remembers the camera (and realizes that she herself forgot it for a while there) and *just happens* to push him down so that he lays on his back with his head at the right bottom corner of his bed which ensures that his head is closest to the video camera on the dresser and therefore it will capture his whole magnificent body in all its glory from that angle.

Does she happen to lick her lips while looking down at him as he lies before her now like the snack he is? *Perhaps*. She straddles him and keeps eye contact with him as she slowly sinks down on his cock. All the way down, letting out a big moan and steadying herself with her hands against his chest while he steadies her with his hands on her hips.

Then she starts out on her mission. She's done this enough times now to really develop a technique for it, just how to gradually increase the speed, the friction, to squeeze down on him and he's so good at working with her movements. She just goes faster and faster and she has to close her eyes because it's just too much but she can hear that she's indeed gotten him to a point where he barely knows what's up and down.

The bed squeaks and she squeals and he's just a blubbering mess sputtering "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh Nance" over and over and it gets her going even more. She feels it build up, they're together just climbing higher and higher and she's feather-light and can float it feels like and *ohhhh*.

She collapses down against him when she cums, burying his face in her breasts which he immediately takes the opportunity to gently



suckle on which makes her whole body shudder even more while he pumps into her pussy once and twice more before cumming deep inside of her on the third with a deep moan against her breast.

They stay like that, just breathing for a good few seconds before she slides down, making his cock slide out of her pussy. She stays on top of him, ruffling her hands through his hair and kissing him again and again while he keeps his arms around her. He smiles up at her like he always does after and she beams down at him.

She looks up at the camera and he follows her gaze, bending his neck and arching his head back. He suddenly looks a bit shy again and blushes.

"I bet it'll look hot," she says and kisses him again.

"Mmhm," he mumbles before kissing her back.

She gets up and walks over to turn the camera off.

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There's another couple of days before they have an opportunity to watch it, and she's basically climbing the walls in anticipation. Finally there comes a night. They were out on a long walk in the woods when it suddenly started pouring down rain so they fled back to his house, completely soaked by the time they got in to find an empty house and a note on the kitchen table from his mom saying that she drove Will over to her house for a campaign and that she would be out with Hopper later.

"You know what that means," she whispered in his ear.

But first they got out of their soaking wet clothes and hopped in the shower to warm up. The only reason she didn't take advantage of that like usual was the thought of finally seeing the tape so she wanted to hurry up. They had plenty of time for that later. He put on some sweats, she took a t-shirt and a pair of his boxers because it's comfortable, smells like him and damn if she hasn't noticed that he likes seeing her in it.

He gets out the tape from where he hid it in his closet and they go out into the living room. She plops down on the couch while he turns on the TV and gets the VCR going. He sits down next to her with the remote.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

He presses play and puts the remote down on the table before leaning back against the cushions. He drums nervously with his fingers on his thigh until she nudges him in his side with her elbow.

On the television she sees herself looking off-screen and then Jonathan entering the frame. They're kissing and it feels weird to see herself but she's also giddy. Curious. So far so good. She nudges Jonathan beside her again when he on screen makes that little noise during their makeout. He blushes. He keeps blushing as he see himself now shirtless on screen. His back is against the camera. Which she very much appreciates.

"Your back is really hot, you know," she tells him.

He glances at her. She smirks and shrugs.

"It is! Definitely in my top 5 favorite body parts of yours."

"You have a list?" He chuckles.

"Of course! Well it's not ranked but I think I've got which five it is."

"And...?"

"Back, eyes, hair, arms, dick. Not in that order," she rattles off. He chokes on nothing but air.

"But it's really hard to choose. Your chest is really really hot too."

He clears his throat.

"But I think those gotta be the top 5. Your back is just so nice and *big* and your back muscles are really hot," she elaborates.

"Uhum."

"And your eyes are so nice and kind and like the perfect color and I just... I love the way you look at me."

"I love looking at you."

"And your hair is way better than Steve's by the way. Don't tell him though, it might crush him. But it's so nice and soft and it's fun to do this," she says and reaches out mess it up.

"I've noticed."

"And I like that your arms are strong but lean and that you can hold me and lift me up and carry me."

"I like doing that to you."

"And your dick is nice and big, you know. That really does it for me."

He's totally flustered by that.

"What's your favorites of mine?" She challenges.

"Um... I don't know, I can't choose... I mean I love everyth-

"Yeah yeah I get it, thanks. I do too by the way. Those are just my top 5. All of you is amazing. Come on, just pick some."

"Okay um... eyes and just your face generally like, and your hair... um, breasts... and not to be that guy but um... your butt, and um...

uh... well, I mean..."

"My pussy?" She asks when he trails off.

"Ahem, yes," he says while blushing more.

"I was hoping you'd say that! Think you would've lied otherwise. By the way that's six things."

"Well it's hard to narrow it down!"

"Tell me about it! So what made you pick those? I wanna know."

"Uh... well your eyes are just so... like piercingly blue-green and big and just... perfect."

"Thanks. So what about my face?"

"It's shaped like a heart. Everything about it is perfect. Your eyes, nose, lips, ears, your cheekbones, everything."

"Thanks. And my hair?" She continues while starting to blush a little at his shy but honest compliments.

"Beautiful. Anyway you wear it, I loved it long but even better when you cut it and whether you wear it down or up or when you pull it back it's... great."

"Alright. Tell me about my boobs now," she smirks at him and he's so flustered now.

"Uhm, yes they are... um... I just love them," he's beatred by now.

"They're small," she notes.

"They're perfect," he immediately throws back.

"I overheard Tony Harris tell Jimmie Randolph in sophomore year that I'm flat as a plank," she shrugs.

"I will gouge his eyes out," he immediately growls. She laughs and pats his shoulder.

"It's alright. Thanks, though. Now, what about my ass?"

"Per-" he begins.

"-fect?" She finishes for him.

"Yes," he blushes even more. "And it's um just... I mean I like how it... I mean I think it feels like it fits perfectly... in my, I mean in my hands uh, I- uh, like I can-" he's a floundering mess now so she kisses him to put him out of his misery.

"I get it, thanks."

Then he surprises her by continuing unprompted.

"And your pussy is beautiful and taste good," he says quickly and now it's her turn to blush profusely.

On the screen she sees herself in lingerie and Jonathan looking ready to devour her.

"You planned that, didn't you?" He asks.

"I can't deny that."

"It was hot."

"I can tell," she laughs while watching on the screen how quickly he moved her to the bed.

Then she gets to hear herself make a disappointed noise when Jonathan moves his cock out of reach from her. Beside her Jonathan starts to laugh at that so she smacks him on the chest.

"So I take it that it's pretty high on your list?" He smirks.

"Shut up."

She didn't even realize it at the time but the placement of the camera means that she now gets a pretty good view of his ass, and he of her whole body sprawled out, when they watch him go down on her.

"Mhm, I might have to remake my list to fit your ass on it," she

notes.

"Uh-huh."

"It's really really really great."

"Thanks."

"And so *soft*."

"... thanks."

"I could write a thousand word essay just on how soft your butt is."

"... don't turn it in for English. *Please*."

Watching Jonathan on screen go to town on her... fuck, that turns her on. And him, it seems as she glances at his sweatpants where there looks to be some tent-raising underway.

"Is it narcissistic to touch yourself to a tape of yourself?" She ponders.

"Maybe," he answers in a slightly strained voice. "... I can touch you instead," he then adds.

"God what took you so long!" She sighs and plants a kiss on his cheek.

His hand reaches inside his boxers that she's wearing and he starts to finger her. She shoves her hand inside his pants and grips his cock and starts to slowly stroke it while they continue watching the tape. On screen he's now moved up and his cock is going in and out of her pussy where right now his finger plays instead, rubbing circles over her lips and her clit.

"You're really loud," he comments when a high moan is heard from the TV.

"You're one to talk," she counters when it's followed by one of his

guttural noises.

By the time she's riding him on screen they're both jerking the other one off like crazy, she finds herself instinctively pressing herself up against his hand and she hears on his telltale groans that he's close. When they see her on screen scream and collapse against him, that does it for him, with a shudder he cums inside his boxers, spilling out over her hand as she continues to stroke him all the way through. He momentarily loses his concentration on her pussy when he comes but quickly regains focus and takes her the rest of the way while kissing her neck.

"Fuck," he mumbles and she can only agree. She removes her hands from his pants and can't resist but taste him a little, sucking on a finger.

"We need another shower," she notes. He nods.

Well, in the shower of course she helps him wash his... crotch-area. That's after all what needs to be washed. And she's helpful. Soaps it up, rinse, repeat. It's not *her* fault that it sparks a reaction and he starts growing again during the thorough wash. She snickers a little and he laughs too. She continues to jerk him.

"My oh my, Byers," she teases, using his last name which she never does otherwise.

She rinses away the soap but doesn't let go of his cock that's now almost fully erect again. She carefully crouches down, steadying herself with a hand against his thigh while the water continues to splash down on them. Well mostly him because he's kind of blocking the spray now. He keeps a hand in her wet hair as she takes him in her mouth.

His cock is wet and slippery. So much friction. It tastes a little of soap and a lot of him. She sucks him hard, fast. Looking up at him, seeing him look down at her in awe, whimpering and desperately steadying himself with a hand against the wall, the other still in her hair.

"Oh fuck, Nance, fu-"

Even though he came just before, it doesn't take her long to get him to the edge again when it's like this, hot, hard, fast. Usually she likes to take it slower when she takes him in her mouth, to draw it out, to elongate the whimpering and moaning she can't get enough of. But now she enjoys seeing just how fast she can make him cum again.

The tip of his cock twitches against the roof of her mouth and she pulls back, jerks him two, three times more and that does it. There's not a lot of cum, since it's the second time in a short span. It shoots out over her cheek and lips and a little on her forehead. It's warm against her skin. She licks her lips.

"Oh fuck, Nance," he repeats.

She smirks at him, stands up and gently moves him aside a little to get to the spray and wash the cum off her face. He peppers her with kisses then which makes her giggle.

They quickly towel off and scurry across the hall into his room to throw some new clothes on.

"Are you hungry?" He asks, stepping into a pair of pants.

"I could eat," she answers while pulling on a new t-shirt and pair of boxers.

"Do y-" he cuts himself off mid-sentence and the shirt he was about to put on drops to the floor.

There's sound coming from the living room, she hears, they hear, now. Someone must've come in when they were in the bathroom because they sure as hell didn't hear the front door. But now they hear. Oh God, what she hears. She knows exactly what that is.

Jonathan looks at her with panic evident in his eyes. She supposes she mirrors that look.

He reacts first, sprinting out of his room. She's right behind him.



"Mom, no!" He shouts when they see her silhouette standing in the living room, holding the remote. On the TV she sees herself, buck-naked, backing away from the camera to the bed and crawling down on top of an equally naked Jonathan. Joyce must've just started the TV and VCR and begun to rewind the tape which was at the end. They carelessly left it in. Since they were supposed to have hours of time alone.

She knows Jonathan is heroic. He's done so many heroic things. He's saved her life. But now he does maybe his most heroic act yet. He straight up dives towards the VCR and rips out the plug. Then he rips the TV plug out too for good measure.

But she can't believe that this is it. That this is the end. That this is how she dies. That after surviving the Upside Down, the Demogorgon, the Lab, the Mind Flayer, that what kills her is the embarrassment and shock of his mom seeing their tape. Because surely she can't survive this? She's never heard of anyone dying from embarrassment but she *knows* she is about to burst into flames her cheeks are on fire and she's got goosebumps all over and her whole body tingles and she can't look at anything really. Well her gaze finds Jonathan, still shirtless, and he looks even closer to death than her.

"W-wha... what...?"

She hears his mom trying to find her words. She can't look at her. She loves Joyce. Joyce is amazing. She's the strongest woman she knows. The best mom ever hands down no contest. She literally went into another dimension to save her son. And then later drove a goddamn demon out of him. She looks up to Joyce, so much. Wishes to be as brave as her, as strong as her. And Joyce is so nice. So welcoming, so easy to talk too. Always happy to see her. Well, that's how it used to be because surely nothing in the world can ever be the same again now?

"W-what is this?" Joyce repeats, able to form a full sentence now. She feels her looking from Jonathan to her. She still can't look at her.

Jonathan doesn't say anything and she thinks this must be even worse for him. It's his mom after all. She realizes it's her turn to be brave, to be heroic, for his sake. So she tries to find a way to explain.

"I- I... it's uh..." she doesn't know how to begin. She chances a glance up at Joyce who looks at her with... well at least not anger. Just a lot of confusion and shock. "It's um... uh, just so you know it was my... it was my idea. Not Jonathan's. Um, t-to make a tape... uh, I was... curious..." she trails off.

"Curious?"

"To see... um, see... what we look like," she gets out and feels like the ground should open up beneath her and just swallow her down.

She barely manages to look at Joyce. Joyce opens her mouth to say something, then closes it. Opens it again, closes it.

"I um... I don't... I don't understand um... how... why..."

"It's... hard to explain..."

"And then you just... left it... in the VCR... I... what if Will would've come home and..."

"We uh... we didn't mean to, we got... distracted... and forgot..."

"We thought we had more time... I mean... what, weren't you with... Hopper?" Jonathan finally finds his voice and stumbles through the sentence.

"El... Jane, wasn't feeling well so we had to cut it short but- wait, that's not what's important, what were you guys thinking?! And what do you mean distracted?!"

She has *no* answer for that. Joyce also finally seems to really take in their appearance. Their wet hair, Jonathan in no shirt, she in his

underwear. She knows Joyce knows that they have sex. And that Joyce, in theory is cool with it. Because Jonathan told her that he once came home to find a box of condoms on his pillow and a note asking them to be safe. And she's pretty sure Joyce knows about the sneaking around at night, though she hasn't said anything. So in theory, Joyce is cool with it. But now this is way more than *in theory*. There's a lot of things you're cool with in theory but don't necessarily want to face in reality.

"We uh... we didn't think. I... I'm sorry, I'm so so so sorry," she says, burying her face in her hands because she doesn't know what else to say.

"I still don't understand this," Joyce begins after some silence. "I don't think I ever will. So just... Jonathan. Take that tape. I never want to see it again. Also put a shirt on. Then maybe take Nancy home? I need you to pick up Will anyway."

Jonathan nods and scurries to get the tape out of the VCR and then runs to put a shirt on. She profusely apologizes a couple of more times and Joyce eventually says something about it being okay which it's really not but at least she hasn't killed her so she supposes it's okay in that way.

They hurry out to his car and sit in silence for a while as he drives towards Maple Street. Suddenly she feels herself starting to giggle. She tries to stop it, to get control over it but she can't. Soon she's in a fullblown giggle fit, she can't stop laughing and she don't know why.

"This isn't funny," Jonathan mutters.

"I know, I know," she breathes out between laughs but she can't stop, she laughs so hard she gets tears in her eyes. Is she losing her mind? "I know, I thought I was going to die I just-" she can't explain it and just keeps laughing. Finally she hears a chuckle from him too.

He pulls up to the curb outside her house and they sit while she collects herself. When she's got control over it she looks at him. He looks back at her with a slight smirk and then reaches into his pocket

and pulls out the tape.

"You better hide this. You better hide it *good*."

She has to bite her lip to stop herself from laughing again, then nods.

They get out and walk inside. The kids are all in the hall getting ready to leave, campaign apparently just finished.

"Hey Buddy, you ready to go?" Jonathan asks his little brother and she can tell he's trying really hard to act like normal.

"Yeah! We defeated the Thesselhydra," Will excitedly lets them know. Her brother looks content and the other kids equally excited about the successful campaign.

"That's great Bud," Jonathan answers and she smiles at Will.

"What's on the tape?" Will asks, gesturing to it in her hand. All the other kids look at it too.

"Oh! Just uh... we rented a movie," she quickly lies.

"Where's the box?" Dustin questions.

"Oh, here... that's why we brought it back," she continues to spin the yarn.

"We were going to watch it here but we went to our place so we didn't have to hear you guys' shouting from the basement," Jonathan tacks on.

"What movie is it?" Lucas asks.

"Uh-" Jonathan hesitates.

"*Sixteen Candles*," she hurries to say, picking a movie she knows the kids will scrunch their noses at, so there's no risk of them asking to borrow it.

She's right, the kids all groan in response and start to head out the door. She gives Jonathan a quick kiss before he takes his brother and leaves. She runs up the stairs to her room. She locks the door and goes to her closet, digging out the box she keeps hidden away in a corner, buried under some clothes. It's her box of secrets, because of course she has one after all the events that's befallen her. It contains her gun, a box of ammunition and the original copy of the tape they recorded at the Lab. She puts the tape in the box, puts the lid back on and stashes it away again.

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Three weeks later she's got the house to herself. Dad's at an overnight conference for work, her mom took Holly to visit their aunt in Minnesota and Mike is with the rest of the Party at a sleepover at Dustin's house where they're planning to watch all the Star Wars movies again for what must surely be the 500th time. Jonathan is coming over as soon as his shift at work ends, she left the door open and told him to just let himself in, in case she was upstairs or in the bathroom or something.

So she's passing the time until he gets there. And how to pass the time? Well... she originally thought the horror of Joyce discovering the tape would ruin it for her. But it hasn't. It's led to some supremely uncomfortable dinners because Joyce keeps inviting her over even though none of them could really look at each other for at least two weeks after. Will surely noticed how quiet it was around the dinner table for a while. He'd ask what was wrong and they'd all hurry to say "Nothing" and then change the subject. But the contents of the tape? Still excites her. So of course she's watching it again now when she has the opportunity.

She jumps when she hears the front door open and throws herself over the nearest remote, turning off the TV. She can't find the one to turn off the VCR with, but at least the screen is black, so she plops down on the couch again, flustered and tries to look normal as

Jonathan comes into the room.

"Hey," he says, smiling at her.

"Hi!" She answers and smiles back, trying to breathe normally.

He looks at her for a second.

"You... you watched it again, didn't you?" He questions.

"What? No! What are you talking about? No, no way!" She protests.

"Uh-huh. So if I turn on the TV now I won't find-"

"You won't find anything," she cuts him off, trying to look confident.

He smirks and reaches for the remote.

"Don't!" She calls out and reaches for it too but she's too late, he picks it up and turns on the TV.

The screen flickers to life and they're thrown into seeing her riding him.

He looks back at her with a triumphant smirk.

"Uh-huh."

"Shut up. Turn it off, let's-" she starts but he laughs.

She reaches out to take the remote from him but he quickly holds it over his head. Damn him and his tallness. And her own short self. She tries to reach up, stands on her tiptoes, even jumps but she still can't reach. He laughs at her attempts. So she resorts to jab her fingers between two of his ribs. He doubles over and she snatches the remote from him with a satisfied huff.

She sits back down and watches the screen, then at him. And she finds the remote for the VCR. She picks it up and starts to rewind the tape.

"Don't just stand there, sit down. It's movie night," she says. He smirks and quickly sits down next to her.